T WO DOLLARS will be paid for each item printed on this page. Checks are mailed daily. The weekly special awards, announced on Saturdays, are in addition to this payment. Open to all readers.

MANHATTAN.

THE PROFESSOR HAS A WAY WITH HIM.

AM A STUDENT at the College of Physicians and Surgeons, Columbia University. To-day, in the children's ward at Bellevue Hospital, I saw a very naughty little girl, age eight, who fought and cried when one of the doctors tried to examine her. She rejected every friendly overture. Finally the professor, tall, gray-haired and stern (his students think), approached the bed in his daily round of the ward. * * * Immediately the child began to scream and kick. . . . The professor did not say so much as one word to her. Instead, he reached down and took a badly battered kewpie doll from the little girl's pillow. Gravely he placed his stethoscope on the dollie's chest. He gave the doll a thorough physical examination. * The shricks and cries of Miss Eight subsided. She smiled. She chuckled, in pure delight, and when the doctor was through with the dolly the young lady was ready to submit to examination. . . . But alas for our busy professor! Before he could get away from that ward he had to examine all the doll "babies" in the place, as well as their proud mothers .- T. P. Allen, No. 437 West 50th Street, Manhattan.



ASLEEP, BUT ON THE JOB. At the foot of Canal Street there is a shaft from which the Hudson River vehicular tunnels are being started. To the layman there is nothing so interest-ing, so mysterious and so fascinating as a compressed air caisson, with the hissing of the escaping air, the clans of the locktender's hammer and the shrick of the answering whistle from below. Near this scene lives a friend of mine whom I visited several nights. Until 12:30 i, as a former tunnel man, was called upon to explain the mysteries of the work. Then some one suggested we go to the shaft and seek the work. We were in hopes I might meet one of my fermer associates who would invite us into the shaft. We were about to enter the engineer's quarters when we saw a taxi approach. Two men alighted. One of them was Chief Engineer Hol-One of them was Chief Engineer Holland, and it sure gave me a thrill to see him on the job at midnight. He invited us in and, upon entering, we saw a man asloep on a wooden bench. Mr. Holland shook him and exclaimed: "Here, here, get up! What you doing here this time of night? Why don't you go home?" It was the assistant chief engineer, who had been on duty all day and sleeping close to the job so he'd be handy if needed. These are the kind of bosses worth having.—H. L. Feschler, No. 23

armory the other night, an ex-Color was speaking. The galleries were exclaimed crowded and every one was listening intently. Suddenly the wall of a baby was heard, and across the armory floor you do ab was heard, and across the armory floor ran a woman, carrying a crying child. The crowd roared with laughter. Presently, however, silence again prevailed and the Colonel continued with his speech. But it was not to be so long, for in a moment the blare of a brass band was heard playing, "Hall, Hail, the Gang's All Here." The Colonel's voice could not be heard. We thought some one was celebrating an election, but suddenly into the armory swung the but suddenly into the armory swung the welcomed with thunderous applause,-

QUITE EXCUSABLE.

While waiting on the uptown platform of the Penn Station subleay for a friend. I saw a man run up the stairs and dash for an express train schoes doors slammed just before he reached it. A local was pulling in and he dashed down the stairs and up on the other platform just in time to barely miss that train too. De-termination to remain on that platform for a train was written on his face, but when a local and an ex-press were seen coming into the sta-tion at the same time, he decided in facor of the latter and again he ne-gotiated the stairs, arriving at my side as the passengers were leaving the train. A little old lady stopped him to ask a question, and he start-ed to tell her, then blurted, "Excuse me," and squeezed through the nearest closing door .- Dr. Max Ohlbaum,

the fact that, while she could not see tered a store on Amsterdam Avenue and the could always hear his drumring.—Frances E. Young, No. 1123
Broadway.

THE REUNION.

Following the review given for Brig.
Gen. Walke at the 12th Regiment Armory the other night, an ex-Colone!

The recovery of the dentist's, I end of the distance and the was about to pay for the groceries when I missed a \$10 bill from my purse. I immediately went to the spot where I had paid the taxl driver and there was away with relief. The cop walked away with a twinkle in his eyes.—Handar and the curb.

But as I stooped for it, a man's long arm reached over my shoulder and he great.

But as I stooped for it, a man's long arm reached over my shoulder and he picked it up. "That's my money!" I he was white. picked it up. That's my money exclaimed. He laughed in my fac "Findings, keepings." he retorted. saw it as soon as you did, so what can you do about it?" What could I do? There was no policeman in sight, so I lost what I could ill afford .- Jessica

THE DAY OF THE GREAT FOG. We were driving through Contral Park. We had to turn on our lights. Nearly every other automobile also ha its lights on. In Times Square most of the electric signs were ablaze. Nothing unusual about all this? But, it was gallant 2th Regiment, headed by Col. ing unusual about all this? But, it was Byrnes and his staff. And they were 10 o'clock in the morning of Nov. 7. with thunderous applause.—
Abels. No. 1827 Topping
onx.

When a thick fog hung over the city.—
Arthur Murray Shaw, No. 3935 White
Plains Avenue, Bronx.

THOSE FUNNY LITTLE FELLOWS ON THE ROOF.

OMING UP from the subway at the 43d Street exit this evening I saw three little urchins standing side by side at the northerly end of Times Square. Oblivious of everything in this world. except the business in hand, they were making machine-like motions with hands and feet and bobbing up and down with great earnestness, if not uniformity. The kid in the middle, quite the raggedest of the three, in old fashioned, loose-kneed, well ventilated trousers, kept coming in vigorously one beat behind his two "side kicks." . . . There was no doubt about it. They were taking calisthenics with the Wrigley boys.-Thelma Robinson, No. 612 West 115th Street,

I naw quite a crowd gathered at Perry and West Fourth Streets, a few doors from my home. Investigating, I found that the attraction was a man with a portable aquarium. He had what looked ke an old-fashioned hokey-pokey out-, filled with small bowls of goldfish, bowl containing two fish and a spray f fern sold for 20 cents. A package of sh food cost 5 cests. He was doing thriving business—Harold Seton, No. 279 West Fourth Street.

NO KICK COMING. t was waiting at 40th Street and Sixth Avenue for the truffic to stop. Suddenly ing northbound taxlcab. He was thrown violently to the pavement. Immediately got up and started to move away rtopped him to ask his name. "Oh, it's all right," said the man, as if dismissing the incident. "It's my fault. I ran right into it." Then he dis-I ran right into it." Then he disappeared.—Samuel Eiseman, No. 200 Blast Seventh Street.

From atop a Fifth Avenue bus the other day I noticed a new cocoa mat lying on the front dorsatep of the Viscent Astor home at Fifth Avenue and 68th Street. When I reached my home I read in the necespaper that the Vincent Astors had returned that day from Europe.-Katherine Freeland, No. 971 Summit Avenue,

Testerday I was detailed to bring a woman prisoner from the Tombs to the Grand Jury. On our way she informed me between sobs that she was charged with having abandoned her two-month old baby. She said her husband had deserted her, she was out of funds, and six charitable institutions had refused both to give her work and to care for her baby. In desperation, finally, she left the child on the doorstop of one of these institutions. She seemed well hied with her sorrow and fear when she went into the Grand Jury room. And when she came out she was crying; but her tears were those of joy. The Grand Jury not only dismissed the charge against her, but arranged to send the child to a day nursery. And each jury-man had dug down deep into his pocket to make up a purse for her. Hugh W. Murphy, No. 550 West 1741. Street.

HOW IT SPREADS.

A woman, carrying a sultcase and soing a small child by the hand, entered the Lexington Avenue Subway to day. In the car were more men than women. Not one of the men offered the lady a seat, but let her hang on to a strap with the child hanging on to her coat. Presently a middle-aged woman fered his seat to the young lady. Every one was trying to repress their amusement, but it was funny.—Margaret Harding. No. 773 Tompkins Avenue.

Fort Wadsworth, S. I. in instant a young woman offered the

A PAGE OF BRIGHT, UNUSUAL HAPPENINGS REPORTED FOR READERS OF THE EVENING WORLD BY READERS OF THE EVENING WORLD

New Program of Awards and Special Prizes
DODGE TOURING CAR FOR THE BEST STORY OF THE WEEK. \$100 in Cash for the Second in Merit. \$50 for the Third. \$25 for the Fourth. TEN stories adjudged Next in Merit, \$5 Each. Competition open to all readers.

Special Awards For High School Students
will be divided weekly among high school pupils contributing to the "What Did You See To-Day?" page. For the best letter of each week sent in by a high school student, \$50; second best, \$25; five next in merit, \$5 each.

Special Awards For University and College Students will be divided weekly among university and college students contributing to the page. For the \$100 best letter of the week, \$50; second best letter, \$25; five letters next in merit, \$5 each. School and college contributors MUST name their schools. Wait for the worth while incident. Do not try to write every day. Bear in mind the question: "WHAT DID YOU SEE TO-DAY?" Not what somebody else saw, not what you heard and not someting that happened

last summer. What did YOU see to-day? Contributors to the page should write of subpects with which they are familiar. Choose, preferably, things that happen in your own neighborhood. Tell your story, if possible, in not more than 125 words. State WHERE the incident took place. Write your name in full. Write your address carefully. Address your letter to "What Did You see To-Day?" Evening World, P. O. Box No. 185, City Hall Station, New York.

BRONX.

A GAY CAVALIER.

\$990

\$100

Serenading as a means to a woman's heart is being revived-on Charlotte Street, in the Bronz, anyhow. Perched demurely on top of an inverted potato barrel to-day I zate a maiden of nine or ten years. of age. Her feet were crossed Turkish fashion and she was paying close heed to the music played by her cavalier, aged about ten, on an old and battered bugle. And, if some of the strains were not pleasant, what of it? Sympathy hath an understanding ear .- Samuel Jocison, No. 1551 Hoe Avenue, Bronx.

FOR MERCY SAKE, DON'T LEJL.

In a 24th Street department store to day the rat-atal-tat of a drum, heard in various departments for a considerable space of time, attracted my attended by its crook. "There you are lassle," said of four wards and to the little girl lefore to beating the drum, which hung from his neek. I was informed his mother, having a lot of shopping to do, had bought him the drum, then let him wander about, secure in the knowledge of his whereabouts and safety by reason of the fact that, while she could not recipile the could not seem to the little girl lefore he brushed off his knees and stroof had way. Mrs. Laura May Marehall, No. 12th Whereabouts and safety by reason of the fact that, while she could not recipile was about to pay. Following the frume. The couple was about to pay here about a grappling hook and the doll soon was about to pay here. Laura May Marehall, No. 12th West 51st Street.

Diamissing the taxi in which I was informed his mother, having a lot of shopping to do, had bought him the drum, then let him wander about, secure in the knowledges of his whereabouts and safety by reason of the fact that, while she could not zero.

Diamissing the taxi in which I was surprise and fear finding home from the dentist's. I missed.

Following the fact that, while she could not zero.

Following the firm the death of the first pay the fact that while she could not zero.

Following the firm the store to the first pay the form the dentist's. I missed.

HE WAS WHITE. Our boss stepped up and watched us while we were whitewashing the garag in which we work in 32d Street. Tw in which we work in 22d Street. Two
of us were pumping the whitewash into
a spray, which worked with 80 peands
pressure. We were getting along at a
fine clip when the boss said. 'Well,
boys, how are you getting along?' Hefore we could answer, the rubber hose,
which couldn't bear up under the heavy
pressure, burst, and a strong stream of
whitewash caught him right in the
face. He was white from head to
foot. We could not be plaushing. I
could do nothing for him for a moment
because of the merriment in the room.
Then we get him cleaned off and Then we got him cleaned off and washed out his eyes before we sent him to a hospital to make sure he wasn't hutt.—Horace C. Pratt, No. 1531 Westchester Avenue, Bronx.

Directly across the street from my ege plot of ground. Every day come a woman and two children with a basic. Plandy these are his wife and their two children. They all seat themselves and have the family lunch together. They flook happy and contented, and when the meal is finished the father kisses his family goodby. They depart, but before they turn a corner and disappear they wave another goodby to him. Mrs. Hattle ockman, No. 1131 West Farms Road, Bronz

SHE "JUST KNEW."

One of my neighbors visited me the other day, but she heatasted to remain for suppor because, she said, she was worrying about her four-year-old son. His father had taken him to his iron works and she had a feeling that something had beginned to the child. How thing had happened to the child. How-ever, after some coaxing, she consented to slay. Just as we were scaling our-selves at the table in walked her hus-band and soo. And the latter had a man, big black eye, which he said he received while playing with a hammer, but a mother's instinct uncanny?— Mrs. Charles Koppelman, No. 1280 Webster Avenue, Bronx.

IMAGINATION.

I am a third year student at the New York College of Dentistry. We were in the extraction room for the first time the extraction room for the first the to-day, and it fell to a young man among us to extract a tooth for a young womap. He was told to pull the first bleuspid. He took the forceps tremblingly and pulled a tooth. The young woman declared the operation had been paintees. Buddenly some one spoke up and said the second bisuspid had been extracted instead of the first. The young some people.—Sam Marchoff, No. 345. East 195th Street, Brons.

OUT OF TOWN.

ALL THE WAY FROM ST. LOUIS.

HILE OUT FOR A DRIVE this afternoon we were halted at the Mapie Avenue crossing of the Eric Railroad by the passing of an unusually long train of freight cars. Presently the train began bumpety-bumping, came to a full stop, and we saw two real, genuine, dyed-in-the-wool hoboes drop to the ground, duck under the gates and hit the highway. Their clothing was tattered and torn. One barber could have spent an entire day on them and had no time for recreation. "How many miles to New York, lady?" asked one of them. When they were told that they were only about twenty miles from their goal they decided to get "lifts" from motorists for the rest of the way rather than take chances with the "bulls" at the Jersey City Terminal. They hailed from St. Louis, they said, and had made the trip from the Mound City in about a week. They appeared to have received advance information that the Erie terminal at Jersey City is not the healthlest place in the world for travellers in side-door Pullmans. The last I saw of them, they were bailing a motor truck .--Matilda Brandt, No. 153 Warren Street, Paterson, N. J.



S A STUDENT of Dickinson High School of Jersey City it was my - privilege this afternoon to attend the unveiling of the memorial to the soldier dead of the school-the only memorial of its kind erected by a public school in the United States and paid for by nickels, dimes and quarters, voluntarily contributed to the Memorial Fund by students. . . Following addresses by Gov. Edwards, Mayor Hague, Father Duffy of the "Rainbow" Division and Major Gen. McRao, Commander of the 78th Division, the beautiful bronze statue was unveiled by the mother of Albert Quinn, the only New Jersey school teacher who died in France. The statue shows a group of three, typifying the young manhood of the school guided and influenced by Alma Mater. The head of Albert Quinn was used as a model for that of the dominant figure. * * There were thirty-two Dickinson

students who did not return.-Wilfred E. Murphy, No. 461 Bergen

WHY SOME FARMS ARE "AUAN-

Avenue, Jersey City.

DONED." I wonder if the old saying "stelen sweets are best," applies to cabbage It must be so, for I saw through my window to day several automobile par-ties, all in fine machines, some carrying children as well as parents, stop and steal Savoy cabbages from a neighboring field. They all seemed more the able to buy cabbages. Of course, or or two cabbages taken from a field no real hardship on a farmer, but whichirty people stop and take them in single week, he has little to take market. And then I wondered also these people realized the effect of the example on their children. - Emm letcher Franklin, R. F. D. 3, Hemp-

GRAND ARMY BOYS.

elderly man, blind and wearing livit War veteran's uniform, asked a this afternoon at Branford Place an Broad Street, Newark, to put his aboard a jitney for Kenrny. He saids was an innuit of the Soddiers' Home there and wished to be on time to dinner. I helped him into the jitney and he promptly sat upon the lap roung and pretty woman. Opposite he was another veteran whr, upon seeing the plight of his buddy of 1865, remarked, "Well, Uncle Jack, I always said you were not half so blind as you claim to be."—Townsend Pangburn, No. 18 Pilder. to be."-Townsend Fate.

Ridge Avenue, North Arling No. 10 Ri on, N. J.

"FOLLOW MY LEADER."

At 29th Street and Avenue C to-day aw a number of youngsters running brough the street with paper para-hutes, which opened graceffs again he wind. Presently one of the loce econed to tire of this tame sport. I alled the gang together and told the called the gang together and the something, whereupon all gazed at hi in awe. Immediately he climbed nearby tree, opened the parachute a jumped. The parachute opened ight, but he landed with a heavy t The gang rushed to him and picked is up. On his face was an expression ningled surprise and pain. He may been hurt, for the gang bell alm away.—Herman Gottlieb, No. Andrew Street, Bayonne, N. J.

THE VISIT.

A girl of five, her face aglow with happiness, stapped me in front of the steps leading to sting Ning Prison to-day as I was on my way to catch a train. "I'm coing to see my papa," she confided. "I's your papa in prison! See, I have a prison! here for him, and she held up a wackage.—Mrz. James H. Keemin, No. 76 State Street, Osminan, N. 7. No. 76 State Street, Ossining, N. 1.

"SINGIN" IS THE THING."

I boarded an Eric ferryboat at Cham

ers Street this afternoon and, since the

cabins were crowded, stood in the gang-

way. Presently an Italian truck driver

drove aboard. He alighted and per

the teamway alone, the animal stoppin

xactly where he should have stoppes

Then the driver, who was a smillns

happy chap, proceeded to entertain the

passengers by singing. He sang sever-

songs and then smilingly signified

was through by pressing his han-

against his stomach and saying: " more steam." A boy threw him penny, but the Italian laughed, to

ack the coin, pulled out a roll of his and waved it at the had. Then, di

issing the incident, he began single

nin, and when the passengers rently went ashore none seemed to m

ctaer or not the boat was late,-Mr ice Farrell, Ramsey, N. J.

HOME-KEEPING HEARTS.

Last night I was so tired after do-

of the children all day long that as

Then I cought a glimpse into the lit-

ole, so neat. The light shone softing

The canary bird swung in its case over the blossoming house plants.

There was a glass of contentment in

the two old faces, an air of pener and rest about them. Suddenly is an no longer tired. I was gird of

my duty. I could see the peace and contentiment for home-keeping hearts that are happiest after years of life and labor together. I want nothing

else May B. Miller, Purdy Station,

WHO REMEMBERS THE DARKE

BROTHERS IN "EIGHT BELLS!

ag a recent large fire in Danka a fireman display rare present

d. He was climbing a ladde

which the second story of building when an orni

over his head warned h

Suddenly the comics and the upper part of the brace

a head gave way and fo

window pane or th

But it did not eatch the

nitted his horse to walk to the end o

CHOP SUEY Two weeks ago I had a "What-Did on-See?" item published in The Everlend to a chop sucy luncheon. Since nen both of us have referred to the inch as the "prize meal." To-night by friends called and smilingly said. l aboard for another chop mey

father, to save the expense of hiring a man to do it, borrowed a ladder from a neighbor and climbed to the peak of the roof just as I was leaving for school. When I returned at noon be was sitting astraddle of the ridge, un able to get down because the ladder was in the wrong position, and he was vexed because I laughed. I saw a bread wagon driver down the street, and at my request he moved the ladder to the proper position, and, knowing father, he laughed till he cried over nis having been on the roof for five hours. Father never thought anything was a joke, but he sees this in The Evening World he will always feel in future that there is such a thing as a Joke.—Margaret E. O'Connor, 434th Street, New Brighton, S. I.

he asked, "Don't you know you have nother story in to-night's World?" didn't, because the man of the house d not yet come home with the paper Place, New Dorp, Staten Island.

RICHMOND.

THINGS.

"AL'S" IN NEW BRIGHTON. I saw a baby that was born to-day

Our chimney needed repairing and m

and his parents, who live on Cortelyou Place. New Brighton, have decided to call him Alfred, after our new Governor-elect.—Helen Falvey, No. 148 Van Euren Street, New Brighton, S. I.

FATHER TAKES A VIEW OF

In Brooklyn to-day I saw a store at Manhattan Avenue and Dupont Street

which seemed to be doing a thriving business. I walked in to see what was drawing the crowd. It was a butcher shop in which meats were being sold for 5, 10 and 15 cents a pound. Yes, sir, one could buy a sirioin steak at 15 cents a pound.—Charles J. Sullivan, No.

TORT

old in the United Premium station

at Broadway and Gates Avenue,

with his mother, who had saved a

long time to get a percolator. While

she watted her turn the laddie fell in love with a bright-colored mechani-cal duck. He wasted her to buy it for him, but she told him she hadn's

enough certificates, which, of course, he did not understand. To make it clearer, she said she hadn't enough

money. Instantly his chubby fist was thrust into his overcost pocket and forth came two pennios. "Here's

some money; now you can buy it," he said. She looked wistfully at the percolator, then at the boy and the at the certificates—and parted with

sixty-five of the coupons for the duck. [And now I guess I'll have to save another long time for my percolator, for I am his mother.]— O. M., No. 1041 Jefferson Avenue,

BEEF IS DOWN.

I saw a boy two and a half years

SHE "NEVER TROUGHT OF THAT." I saw a young lady, almost distracted trying valuey to locate the trouble in new automobile that was stalled her new automobile that was stalled to-day at Boerum and Oakland Avenues, Jersey City. To a man's inquiry as to whether he could be of assistance, she replied: "I don't think you can I've been trying for the past half hour to find the trouble. I have examined the engine and gears and they are all right I telimple won't so." The man the engine and goars and they are all right. It eimply won't go." The man asked if she had any gas in the tank. She flushed scarlet as she replied. "I never thought of that." Sure enough, the tank was empty. She was just one of many thousands who have had similar experiences.—Marcella C. Jordan, No. 177 16th Street, Brooklyn.

QUEENS.

"UP FORWARD IN THE CAR, PLEASE!"

THEN I ALIGHTED from a Jamaica bus, at the corner of Lincoln Avenue and Rockaway Boulevard, I saw a Traction trolley car, headed toward Mineola. I wanted to cross the street but waited, of course, for the car to pass. . . But the trolley car waited, too. It must have waited three or four minutes. I heard more than one passenger shout "Let's go!" The trouble, it appeared, was that the car carried a record number of passengers for North America! There were so many men piled onto the front fender that the motorman refused to budge. Said he couldn't see his way, and would not be responsible. Hanging onto everything serviceable at the back end of the car were five times as many men as there were at the front end! How about the roof? Mr. Editor, there were two men on the ROOF of the car! I report the matter because it was the first time I had seen passengers on the front of a car and on the roof .- Mrs. E. Dahn, No. 110 142d Street, South Ozone Park, Queens, L. I.



MERRILY.

I was on my way to an "afternoon" " that flabbiness, unless it's noing a Street. Woodhaven, tile housework, Minnie. Go on keep I could not help but agree with young man, for my running up and wn three flights of steps in doing my

THE LITTLE ROBERT REED OF BULLDOGS

My brother selected a cigaret to-my and had just not it in in-ben his wife said to our little belodie oillog. "Here, Wood get the cigaallog. "Here, Wood get the riga-on," at the same time polenties to b 8 out, after three artimphs, captured cother was much to somewhat the

MOTHER'S HELPER.

When I tried on my little daughter a case means little, to my client it means.

Flushing to-day and as I approached dress I was making for her Saturday everything." And then I saw the jury corner of Amity Street and Parsone night, the neck, which I had just fin-When I tried on my little daughter corner of Amity Street and Parsons night, the neck, which I had just finvenue I heard peals of laughter com- ished blading, was too tight. It stopped ng from the rear of a house. There I at her eyes when the dress was slipped clothes trying their best to roll on the stairs and prepare for bed and I would call her when it was finished. She was a long time coming down, and when she appeared, there was a coating an eighth of an Inch thick of cold cream smeared with a destination sign and broke his bead. "Nothing doing" is slip on more easily and eave you the section of religious of religious of religious and eave you the was an elderly regulared. There was a cast of the factors of the factor se protested, but the young man the dress was a little tight it would containing a fire extinguisher. There not his head, "Nothing doing," he slip on more easily and eave you the clared. "Keep on rolling—you getta trouble of rebinding it," she explained the case. He got up calmly as the glass the roll, roll. Only way to work —Mrk Margaret S. Taylor, No. 501 95th shattered over his shoulders, and after

NO LAUGHING MATTER

A man in working clothes approached although all knew there was a slight or yesterday morning as I reached the blaze under the forward car, in which me yesterday morning as I reached the we housework has reduced my weight top of the hill above the golf links white we were seated. There was no con-twenty pounds—Mrs. Anne Chart passing through Forest Park. He was reason and that is what impressed me funderson. Chambers Street Bay Side tumbling through one pocket after an enough to write this story. J. H. ther and looked more and more worked as the search proceeded. Just as me was opposite me his face lighted up with a smile as he drew from a pocket a blackened corneoh pipe. "I thought I bilackened corncob pipe. "I thought had lost my stove," he said -William Flood, Rosedale Avenue, Rosedale.

COMING RIGHT OUT.

The impression that all landlords are bachelors or old maids is erroneous red the tobacco on the four My was walking along Corona Avenue, crowd on the rungs and took turns is other was unable to sense in the Elimburst, yesterday when I saw in a watching the piny over the fence, and after that for Whot was watch washes without to the Foldo Real Estate office. And they were cheering as lustly as my walking for a change to repeat his the following sign. Five Rooms, \$55; at 1 of the following of the change of the following along the piny over the fence.

The walking for a change to repeat his the following sign. Five Rooms, \$55; at 1 of the following along the piny over the fence.

The walking for a change to repeat his the following sign. Five Rooms, \$55; at 1 of the following along the piny over the fence. Ithma Street. Elmhura

BROOKLYN.

"MORE FUN THAN THE CIRCUS."

T HE EVENING WORLD pays liberally in cash for FIRST news of really impor-

the CITY EDITOR of The Evening World. Every reader a reporter.

tant happenings-FIRST news of BIG news. Call Beekman 4000. Ask for

JOU MAY HAVE SEEN the drug store at the corner of Eastern Parkway and Nostrand Avenue, Brooklyn, which was visited by fire recently. For many hours afterwards some of the stock was piled high on the sidewalk. When I passed the place, Saturday afternoon, about a dozen boys were digging in the ruins. Some or them dug up scorched tubes of toothpaste, widely advertised pills, and so forth. • • • The fun began when one prospector struck a rich vein of cosmetics. In a few minutes the place looked like the dressing room of a movie studio. I saw three Charlie Chaplins and two Dougias Musketeers prancing around and, when you consider the small investment, "more fun than a circus."-Hattie L. Glass, No 1586 East Ninth Street, Brooklyn.



THE HANGING OF THE SIGN.

I was watching the hanging of a large ign on the block-long building of the Republic Bag Co., Greenpoint Avenue. A funeral cortege was halted by the opening of the drawbridge a little furher up and one of the mourners, a little girl, stepped from a carriage near me and joined the crowd watching the sign. She refused to leave her post when the funeral procession started again. Finally one of the workers, acting on her mother's plea, picked her up and bore her to the carirage. Her little feet kicked in all directions as also went.—Irving Feinsow, No. 552 Eastern Parkway, Brooklyn.

AND THE BOYS MOPPED TP.

I was on my way to work early the morning after the election, but already some one had put a large picture of Al Smith in the window of a house on Bank Street, and on either side of the picture stood two new brooms. The symbolism was evident to all whe saw it.—Thomas P. Farley, No. 25 Bank Street.

TWO WHO DID NOT SHE THE JOKE.

New York University boasts at New York University boasts at least one professor who makes the study of economics humorous as well as interesting—Prof. Fauble, who usually gives facetious examples to illustrate the hard points. Last night he was in a particularly happy frame of mind, and roar after roar of laughter came from the class. Each time a Junny guip was made, however, I noticed that there was no sound from the two there was no sound from the two young men seated behind me. Finally when Prof. Fauble said something so laughable that it would have evoked laughter from an Bug-lishman, still hearing nothing from the two students, I turned impat the two students, I turned impationtly around. I felt indignant at persons so devoid of all sense of humor. Lo and behold! Both were cound asleep.—Elsie L. Fisher, No. 2788 27th Street, Sheepshead Bay,

ABSOLUTELY!

I drew my hand from my pocket today the 13th, as it was my dozen unsuccessful attempts to win a prise in ae "What Did Y found I held 13 coins in the hand. Among them was a quarter, on which I counted 13 stars along the edge. Turning it over I counted 13 stars in a cluster. In one of the eagle's talona were 13 arrows; in the other, an office spray with 13 leaves. On the shield across the bird's breast were 13 stripes, and the rall had 13 feathers. The words "Quarter Dollar" and the motte "E Pluribus Unum" numbered 13 let-ters, so I concluded "thirteen" to be my lucky number. Is it?—Edward 3

Conway, No. 5221 12th Ave., Brooklyn FOR THE PLAINTIPF.

I saw a woman come into the Su-preme Court in Brocklyn to-day as the omplainant in a damage suit. She and came into court on two crutches Said the lawyer who represented the rallway company, to the jury: "If you are affected by sympathy in this case on are like the man who picks the ocket of his friends that he might give ome money to a hungry beggar. Don't pick the pockets of this company." this perverted analogy the weman's lawyer answered: "What this lawyer ils you he tells every jury; what my client tells you she will never tell to another jury. This woman was injured and any verdict you give for her, she er injury. To this railroad lawyer this woman.-Samuel Douglas, No. 992

the guard had removed the extinguisher just as calmly sat down again. Every-Harre, No. 43 Prospect Place, Brooklyn

SINCERELY.

Wifile waiting in a car on Bedford Avenue opposite Ebbets Field yesterday I saw twelve little boys about nine years of age lying flat on the sidewalk watching the football game through cracks under the gate. Some others had a ladder, and as many as could crowd on the rungs and took turns in watching the play over the fence.